

**NOTE:** A different version of this story appeared earlier as "Brains Against Lead."

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# Is beauty, a key to success?

by Vicki Lindner

The 29-year-old publicist is stunningly beautiful. Her blond hair curls gently to her shoulders, her complexion is clear, her eyes are royal-blue. She believes her looks have been an asset—for the most part. "You make better first impressions," she says. But there are disadvantages too.

"Sometimes, I get hassled by my co-workers—just because I look good," she explains.

Good looks open doors, and they close some too. Attractive women are more readily hired, but, according to a recent study, they have a hard time rising in the male-dominated ranks of the business world.

Beauty also seems to be a handicap when it comes to establishing deep and long-lasting personal relationships with men or women, suggests Pennsylvania psychotherapist Louise Reynolds. She is currently making a study of how beauty influences the lives of models and beauty-contest winners.

"Other women feel jealous and competitive with a beautiful woman, so she may find it hard to make friends," says Reynolds. "And nice men may feel they are not good enough for her. Believe it or not, some beautiful women complain they have trouble finding dates. Men may admire them, but only from afar."

**Beauty and power.** Beautiful women (and men) have an edge in life that starts virtually at birth. Studies show that a newborn's appearance affects the treatment she or he will get from mother and nurses alike.

The little angel with big eyes, apple cheeks and shining curls is almost always perceived by her teachers to be brighter and better behaved than are less attractive pupils. Because many adults are convinced pretty children possess high IQs and sweet dispositions, they offer them more opportuni-

ties to prove themselves and punish them less often for bad behavior.

Looking at second-graders who were said to have committed minor transgressions, Dr. Karen Dion, of the University of Toronto, discovered that teachers considered the transgressions as more serious when committed by unattractive children.

Nevertheless, it is in childhood that the insecurities and self-doubts that often plague beautiful women take root. The pretty little girl who comes to believe that physical attractiveness is the most important factor in life may grow up persuaded that beauty is all that is necessary, warns child-care authority Dr. Benjamin Spock. Indeed, children who depend on their looks may grow up lacking skills, drive and such vital personality traits as loyalty, a capacity for intimacy and the ability to share interests and feelings.

**Beauty and love.** The odds will continue to be stacked in favor of the Shirley Temple type—assuming she makes it through adolescence without gaining weight or sprouting acne.

Predictably, when college-age couples were matched by computer, both the men and the women reacted most positively when they were paired with someone good-looking. Brains, social charm and personalty had little relevance to romantic chemistry.

University of Maryland psychologist Harold Sigall found that when a man is seen with a gorgeous female on his arm, people automatically judge him to be more successful and intelligent than if his date were unattractive.

For that reason, wealthy men seek out beautiful wives as status symbols to



Donna Day

reflect their own power and prestige. And women gain status when they latch onto powerful men, no matter what the men look like.

Being attractive to men does not guarantee a lifetime of marital bliss, though. Beautiful women may be less inclined to work at a relationship because they feel a new man won't be hard to find, warns Reynolds. Few famous beauties have been married less than twice.

Supermodel Cheryl Tiegs, for example, only 37, has been through two husbands and is now embarking on a third "serious" relationship with the son of actor Gregory Peck. And superstar Elizabeth Taylor has had seven marriages—two of them to the late Richard Burton—and has been engaged to several other men.

A beauty may have the bad luck to attract superfi-



by Jack Ritchie

**D**r. Ferguson braked his car to a stop next to the dark sedan at the side of the road. "Having some trouble?"

The stranger moved away from the raised hood of his automobile and came to the doctor's window. A big man, with his topcoat buttoned up to his chin, the stranger glanced up and down the country gravel road. "Not much traffic here."

Dr. Ferguson smiled. "I doubt if half a dozen cars use this road all day. You're lucky I came along."

The stranger nodded impassively. He studied the doctor's 10-year-old automobile for half a minute and then seemed to come to a decision. He pulled an automatic from his pocket. "All right, mister, get out of that car, and make it fast."

It took the doctor a few moments to realize that the stranger was serious. He was about to protest, but he quickly changed his mind when he saw the hard expression in the man's eyes.

Dr. Ferguson managed a weak smile and shrugged his shoulders. He picked up the black bag from the seat next to him and stepped onto the road. "I must say that you haven't picked up a bargain. That car's got over ninety-thousand miles behind it."

The stranger didn't move toward the car. His yellow-flecked eyes remained on the doctor.

Dr. Ferguson cleared his throat uneasily. "Well, there it is. Take it."

The stranger smiled thinly. "It's not that easy for you, mister. Walk over to the side of the road."

As he stared into the stranger's eyes, the realization slowly came to the doctor that this man meant to kill him. "Good heavens, man," he said desperately, "you can't kill a human being just because of a ten-year-old car!"

The stranger kept smiling. "There's more to it than that, mister. You've seen my face, and that's reason enough for me."

He raised the automatic slightly, and then he hesitated as his eyes went to the bag the doctor still held. His

expression changed slightly, and his grin broadened. "Maybe my luck isn't all bad today. It looks like I found myself a doctor."

Dr. Ferguson stared at him uncertainly.

The stranger slowly unbuttoned his topcoat. A dark, stained piece of what had evidently been his shirt made a bandage around and under his left shoulder. "Take a look at it, doc. But be real careful not to do anything that might make me nervous."

It was a temporary reprieve. "Another inch higher and you would have bled to death," the doctor said. He examined the wound more closely then added, "That bullet will have to be removed."

The stranger surveyed him. "All right. Get busy."

Dr. Ferguson raised a startled eyebrow. And then he suddenly realized that as long as the stranger needed him, there was still a chance for life. He shook his head. "I couldn't possibly do something like that right here," he said. "There are so many dangers. You might possibly hemorrhage, and I doubt if I could stop the bleeding without the equipment I have at my office." He shrugged. "However, if we were to go there . . ."

The stranger's eyes flicked over him. "How far is it?" he asked curtly.

"About five miles from here, in a small village," Dr. Ferguson hoped that he did not sound too eager. "We could get there in ten minutes."

Dr. Ferguson was conscious of the rapid beating of his heart while he waited for this stranger to make up his mind.

The big man finally motioned to the car with his gun. "You do the driving."

Dr. Ferguson experienced a slight elation as he retied the bandage. He had no plan, no real hope, but he was aware that he would live awhile longer, and for the time being that was enough.

**H**e had driven about two miles when he felt a tight grasp on his arm. The stranger's voice was hard. "What's going on up ahead?"

A single car partially blocked the intersection a half-mile down the road.

Dr. Ferguson's hands were moist on the steering wheel, but he forced himself to speak calmly. "It looks like a roadblock. That's Jim Holman's car. He's a county deputy."

Up ahead Deputy Jim Holman relaxed and smiled as the doctor's car approached.

Dr. Ferguson licked his lips. "We'll have to stop. At least to say hello. Jim would think that something was wrong if I didn't."

The stranger regarded him grimly and then put the automatic into his pocket. "Just remember that I'm with you and that I've got my hand on this gun. Don't use any words that I can't understand. If I have to, I can take care of that cop before he knows what's happening."

Regretfully Dr. Ferguson realized the truth in that. Jim wouldn't have a chance if he shouted a warning. He sighed heavily as he slowed the car to a stop. He rolled

known him for a long time."

Holman put his hand through the open window. "Jim Holman's the name. Sure am glad to meet a friend of the doc's."

Dr. Ferguson experienced a quick surge of hope. The stranger would have to take his right hand off the gun in his pocket in order to shake hands. He tensed himself to grab the arm.

The stranger hesitated, and his glance went to the doctor.

The dangerous glint in his eyes indicated that he had no intention of taking his hand off the gun.

There were a few seconds of awkward silence, and

Dr. Ferguson shook his head. "No. I've had enough of measles and chicken pox for one day. I'm going to put the car in the garage."

Holman moved away from the car. "Better make a detour at the next junction, doc. The road after that's nothing but mud."

**D**r. Ferguson glanced at his rearview mirror as he pulled around Jim Holman's car. Jim appeared to be inspecting the tires of his patrol car.

Dr. Ferguson kept his speed at 30 miles an hour. The stranger stirred impatiently. "You can make better time than this."

Dr. Ferguson shook his head. "It's a rough road, and I've got bad springs."

It took them 15 minutes to reach the village. Dr. Ferguson turned into an alley.

The stranger glanced at him suspiciously.

"My garage is back in here," Dr. Ferguson explained quickly.

The stranger grunted. "All right. Put this thing away. I'll leave here driving something better."

Dr. Ferguson stopped before his garage and opened the door of the car. Now is the time, he thought desperately. If Jim understands what is going on, now is the time for him to be here.

Jim Holman stepped from behind a heavy lilac bush just as the stranger got out of the other side of the doctor's car. "Don't move, mister!"

The stranger froze in a half-crouch. He stared into the barrel of Jim's shotgun and then slowly and reluctantly put up his hands.

Dr. Ferguson quickly relieved him of the automatic and took a deep breath of relief. "I drove as slow as I could, Jim. I was hoping you told me about that detour so that you'd have time to get here."

Jim slipped the handcuffs over the stranger's wrists. "When I figured out what must be going on I knew I had to be careful. I thought I'd better not try anything as long as he was sitting next to you in the car. I guessed that he must have had his hand on a gun."

The stranger's voice was rough with hatred. "What did the doc say? How did he tip you off?"

Jim Holman grinned as they marched the stranger past the doctor's house to the street. "I just didn't believe that the doc would be treating your hand, mister. Not even if he said so."

He pointed to the neat sign in front of the doctor's home. It read, "Henry Ferguson, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine."

## A Helping Hand



Jon Simon

down his window and said, "What's the trouble, Jim?"

Jim grinned. "This is supposed to be a roadblock, but so far you've been the only customer. Didn't you hear about the killing up north?"

Dr. Ferguson shook his head. "I'm afraid not."

Jim leaned on the doctor's car. "A masked man tried to rob the bank up at Miller's Falls early this morning. He didn't manage to get anything, but he killed the cashier in the exchange of shots. He made his getaway in a dark-blue sedan."

Dr. Ferguson cleared his throat nervously and indicated the stranger. "This is a friend of mine, Jim. I've

then Dr. Ferguson spoke quickly. "Don't feel insulted if he shakes with his left hand, Jim. His right one's got a pretty bad cut in it."

The stranger's slow grin was more for the doctor than for Jim.

"I had to stitch it up, Jim. It was quite a job."

Jim Holman's eyes were thoughtful. "You have to watch those things. Infection might set in."

Dr. Ferguson smiled slightly. "I don't think Chris has to worry. I've been giving him penicillin."

Jim Holman slowly lit a cigarette and threw away the match. "Making a call, doc?"